

A SEASONABLE HINT.



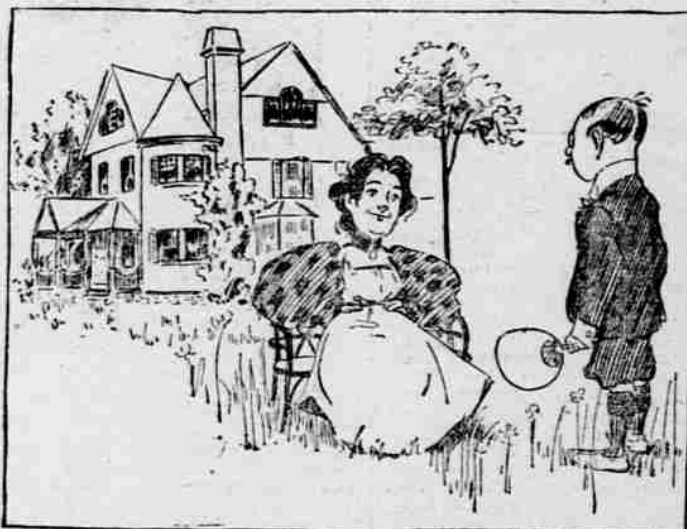
Small Brother—Mr. Guest, will you and sister be married before summer?
Mr. Guest—Why do you ask, Johnny?
Small Brother—Because I heard her say it would be a cold day when she married you.

THOROUGHLY PREPARED.



Fond Mamma—Alice, have you thoroughly prepared yourself for graduation?
Alice Upstart—Oh, yes, mamma. I've my new dainty gown with a skirt seven yards wide, and edged with Valenciennes lace, and a perfect dream of a waist with a bow at the back of the neck, and monster sleeves finished at the elbow with a twist of ribbon, and the darlings pair of gloves, and oh, the sweetest pair of slippers, and a new silk underskirt.

THOSE WELL-BUILT SUBURBAN HOMES.



1—She—Please fan me, Charlie dear—



2—Gracious! you've fanned the cottage away.

PASSING OF THE PIANO.

Instruments Can Be Rented Now Cheaper Than Typewriters.

New York Herald.
You can rent a piano now cheaper than you can rent a typewriter. Either there is a greater surplus of pianos than usual or there is a marked falling off in the demand. Maybe it is both. You can get a piano as low as \$2 a month. A very good instrument can be had for \$3. And these prices can be applied on the purchase of a new one. A typewriter—second-hand at that—will cost you \$5 a month.

Is there any significance in this? Have women begun to give up the piano for the typewriter? The latter can be bought new for from \$85 to \$125, while the piano comes at from \$500 to \$1,000. On the basis of the typewriter the piano ought to rent for at least \$25 a month. On the basis of the piano the typewriter ought to rent for 50 cents a month.

The piano has unquestionably met with severe setbacks recently. Not only has the typewriter opened a more useful field for young women than was before offered by the piano, and consequently withdrawn many of the sex from the career of pianists; it has been supplemented by the increasing mania for out-of-door sports. Instead of sitting down and twisting a piano stool, as was the custom of her sisterhood of a generation or so ago, the modern young woman mounts her wheel and takes a spin in the park and the risk of arrest for scorching on the boulevard. Flat life is death to the piano. The limited space forbids a musical instrument that encroaches so

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

Comical Experience With a Japanese Cook—Result of Overpraise.

If the Japanese servant is ever at fault it will nearly always be found to be from his overanxiety to please. I shall never forget my first experience of this strange solicitude.

It was at the end of my very first week of housekeeping, and was the curtain-raiser to all the comical situations that ultimately have resulted from this same kindly but immoderate desire, and grew out of a small sentence of praise for a really delicate confection that our little cook had sent in to us.

I, thinking to encourage the kindly little digits that had been making such conscientious efforts to tread their way to our likes and dislikes, told her to inter on that he might say to the dignified cook that the dinner was excellent, and the jelly broth quite the best he had ever given us—so delicious, indeed, that our guest had begged leave to wait, all ceremony and compliment it.

This was a speech, I am pleased to think, in itself, sufficiently innocent, but I am willing to wager to shew was ever more regrettably chastised for her tartest comment, or had it more directly leveled back at her, or, to speak literally, were forcibly thrust down her throat, than had I my intended encouragement, for ever since has the same friend "gilded" or dined with us without first having to see himself reflected in the clear depths of this one particular confection.

If he is even seen passing in his line-

A LESSON IN TOLL PAYING.



1—Collector—Here, pay toll!



2—Expressman—One minute, please. Git in that Nabby.

materially on the necessities of the family and which makes as much noise as a brass band. Besides, the courts have interdicted the piano in flat life. It has been legally decided a nuisance. Complaint anywhere is immediately followed by suppression. The banjo and the guitar and the plaintive mandolin ornament the little flat parlor. The piano is for roomier homes and for a life dissociated with the scramble for daily bread and butter.

Sour Old Bachelor.

"I wonder," said the really bolder, "if there is any truth in the theory that the advancement of woman to an equal intellectual plane with man will destroy her beauty?"

"Of course there is," said the soured bachelor, "and there are more pretty women than ever nowadays."—Indianapolis Journal.

The New Bride.

"To be sure," exclaimed the other woman, with animation, "I invariably insist upon kissing the minister. I think it a bride's privilege. Offended? Bless you, no. I believe they expect to be kissed."

The process of the crystallization of custom operated quite as powerfully for the emancipation of the sex as otherwise.—Detroit Tribune.

The War of the Future.

"How many seamstresses have we in the army?" asked the general.

"Now, what do you want to know that for?" asked the mid-de-camp, who had been a hired girl and still retained her lack of respect for authority.

"Why, I read somewhere that Napoleon often won his battles by hewing them down in."—Indianapolis Journal.

Awful Mistake.

Faite—There you are, sir. I've painted you a full line of your ancestors, and I warrant you that no one will know that they are not genuine. This is your father, this your great-grandfather, and—

Mr. Newrich—Hold on! Good heavens, man! You've made my great-grandfather a much younger looking man than I am.—Pick Me Up.

A Reasonable Request.

Assistant Inquisitor—That heretic whom cars were filled with melted lead yesterday has brought around proof that he is innocent.

Chief Inquisitor—Well, what does he want now—that we should give him a new hearing?—Indianapolis Journal.

rickshaws, the anxious little cock gathers together all his coons, new comings and stand, pot in hand, until he is out of sight, when he pulls back his pistols with regretful sighs. But if performance, he stops for a moment, without, however, the remotest intention of breaking bread with us, the pot is on the range and simmering before his summons to the bungalow bell has been answered.

Why He Flagged the Express.

Engineer to native who has flagged the Alabama express—What are you waving your shirt for? Is there a washout ahead?

Sally—No, boss, no washout, tank de Lawd. I only wanted to borrow a live coal outen yo' engine too light mah pipe wiv. Judge.

A Dead Shot.

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practicing with our guns at my country place the other day and he hit the bull's eye the first time."

"Yes, but he had to pay for the bull."—Harper's Weekly.

Returns.

She—Did you make anything in that trade with Bacon?

He—I should say I did! I made a life-long enemy.—Yonkers Statesman.

Customary.

She—How nervous were you when you proposed?

He—Yes, I'm always that way when I'm getting engaged.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Village Rising Bell.

For more than twenty years Bowmanville, Pa., has had what is known as a village bell. It is swung between two high upright poles, and was paid for by public subscription. Every day the bell is rung three times—at 6:30 o'clock a. m., 11 o'clock a. m., and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The leading object of its ringing is to announce farmers and other working people the time of day. The first bell in the morning at Bowmanville is the signal for the people to arise, and in summer most of our residents are out that early. The 11 o'clock bell announces that it is the time to leave the fields and prepare for dinner. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon they prepare for supper.—Philadelphia Record.

Vague.

He—So your uncle was all through the war?

She—Yes; and he was in no less than twenty pitched battles.

He—You are sure it was not pitched camps?

She—Well, perhaps it was. I know there was pitch in it.—Boston Transcript.

They Never Do.

He—I've noticed one thing about widows' weeds.

She—What is it?

He—They seldom interfere with the growth of orange blossoms on the same soil.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Married.

Bobby (reading fairy tale)—May, here it says, "the prince and the princess kept up a brilliant fire of repartee." What does it mean?

May (with a long-drawn sigh)—Oh, that means that they were married and firing the tea set at each other, I suppose.—Judge.

Compensation.

Fair Diner—I must say, waiter, that the meats in this restaurant are very badly cooked and tough.

Waiter—I'm very sorry, miss, that we haven't given satisfaction; but you must admit that we keep the sharpest knives in London.—Sketch.

APPROPRIATE.



Deacon Hoggins—Brethren and Sisters, now that I have conveyed to you the intelligence that our dear pastor, who has been with us so many years, is about to resign his charge, let us rise and sing the doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

NOT A DIRECTORY.

Why Postmen Sometimes Seem Rude When You Ask Questions.

New York Herald.

I stopped a letter-carrier in Thirty-sixth street the other morning and inquired the number of the house on the other side of the street, at which a personal friend of mine lived, giving the name and occupation of the gentleman about whom the inquiry was made. I knew he lived across the way, in one of a certain block, but had forgotten the particular number, and I knew the carrier would know by the mail delivered.

"Don't you know, sir," said the carrier, who knew me by the way, "that you ask for that which is contrary to the rules of the Postoffice Department to give?"

"No, I don't," I blushing admitted.

"Well, it is true," he said. "The law recognizes the right of a citizen to a private residence, undisturbed, as long as he has committed no offense that requires such privacy to be invaded. Now, if I should give your number and street to anybody who might happen to want it, the thing might cause you some annoyance."

"Why, anybody could find that out through the directory."

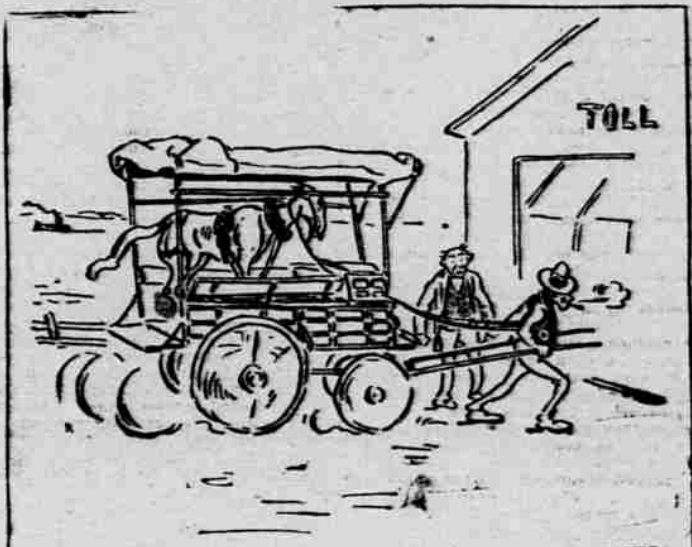
"They might and they might not. Anyhow, the postoffice is not a directory."

"And didn't you know," he added, as a parting shot as he went away, "that you violate the law by stopping a postman?"

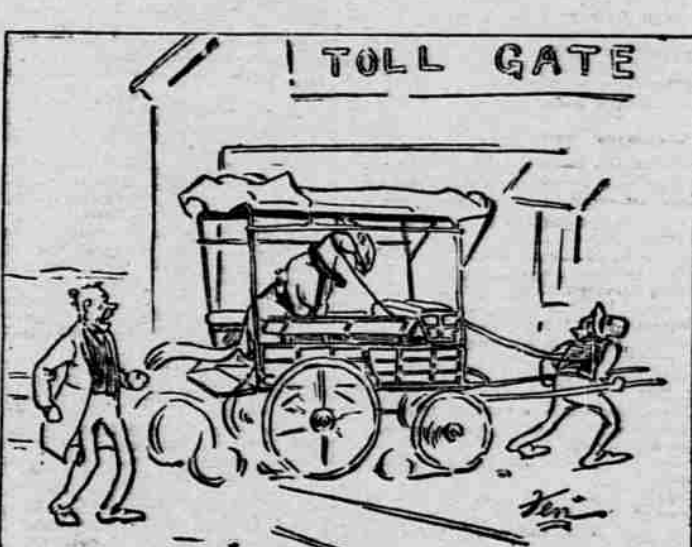
FLOORED.



He—One portion of salad will do, won't it?
She—For me? Certainly. What are you going to take?



3—Collector—What are you doing?



4—Expressman—Git out, don't talk to me! Talk to th' driver.



Striking a Good Thing.

persons based in collecting postage stamps are supposed to have no time to spare for the commission of crime and moreover, the habit has been deemed to be a feather of mild and amiable qualities.

A recent murder in France has directed the attention of admirers to the postage stamp collector, and the two men arrested for his murder have confessed that they had obtained their seasonal collection of postage stamps. They make no other explanation, and seem to regard this as justification for their deed. This illustrates the claim of the moral philosophers that a habit perfectly harmless in so many, if unrestrained by the reason, lead to grave excesses.

The French court of inquiry will rigidly examine the accused to see if they are sincere in their morbid delusion that the desire to obtain a valuable collection of postage stamps as justification for murder. If this be so, it should serve as a warning to the reasonably sane collectors of postage stamps in all countries. It may be necessary to appoint guardians for collectors who have an hereditary or an acquired tendency to feeble-mindedness.

Willing to Take Advice.

Man with a wulftoothache meets a friend and tells him his woes.

The Friend—Ah, I had just as had a toothache as you yesterday, and I went home and my wife plied me and kissed me and made so much of me that the toothache disappeared. You take my tip.

The Achey—Is your wife at home, do you think?—Woman's Record.

Dropped With a Dull Thud.

"Are you really the gentleman who writes those funny things for the morning paper?" asked the ingenious girl.

"I am," admitted the humorist, with as much modesty as he could command.

"There is one thing I would like to know. What makes you put the name of some other paper after the very funniest ones?"—Chicago Enquirer.

It Varies.

"Papa, what is a 'noon hour'?"

"Well, son, at our bank it is from 12 until 1:30 for the clerks; but the officers generally get from 11:30 to 3."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A NUISANCE.



Samuel—Ephraim, what're ye doing with that ere dictionary?
Ephraim—I'm a going to burn it. Every time I look up a word it's darn thing's wrong.



The Latest Bicycle Attachment for Dog Catching. Patent Applied For